MAKING A NEWSPAPER.

Success and Endurance Depend Upon Character Rather than Money.

The Hon. James Smith, of New Jersey, after accumulating a princely fortune in business walks, plunged headlong into the maelstrom of politics and secured a seat in the United States senate as a Democrat. He was one of his party who injected "perfidy and dishonor" into the Wilson tariff of 1894 after which he was retired from official preferment of his own party in his own State. Mr. Smith, to promote his political fortunes, established or secured control of a newspaper in his home town of Newark and poured his millions into the business end of his journalistic property without stint and with the result that he is now making a progress through financial bankruptcy.

Our Uncle Isaac Stephenson, of Wisconsin, another millionaire and a delightful old chap, waded into politics up to the neck and he, too, established a newspaper and fed it ducats by the cart load. As a journalistic enterprise it was a failure, and it would have emptied Uncle Ike's purse, too, had it not been like that of Fortunatus and without bottom.

There are a great many foolish folk who will tell you that money is all that is necessary to make a successful newspaper. They hold that money may command brains, as it will, and that the two, working together, make the great and powerful journal. But there is another quality, the lack of which makes your newspaper as impotent as a tool without a handle, and that quality is character, and without character no newspaper an be influential.

Take the case of William R. Hearst's yallers—money without limit and brains powerful and brilliant, a circulation reaching into the hundred thousands, and yet the influence of the Hearst papers on public affairs is absolutely nil. It was not the opposition of Bryan at Baltimore that defeated Champ Clark; it was the support of Hearst, and Woodrow Wilson would have been nominated in 1912 if Bryan had been as loyal to Clark as Bill Stone, of Missouri, or Bill Haldeman, of Kentucky.

Of course brains and money are necessary, but the chief and indispensable ingredient of a newspaper is character. There is such a paper in my old home town of Louisville, Ky. I mean the Louisville Post, over the columns of which Richard W. Knott is autocrat. There are thousands of newspaper readers in Kentucky who cuss the Post—at rare intervals I have cussed it myself, but every newspaper reader in Kentucky knows that if there is any live wire in the field of public affairs, Dick Knott reaches out and grabs it utterly regardless of consequences. That is character. That is what makes a paper fit to live and fit to read.

Knott is of Scotch blood with all the admirable traits of that wonderful people. It would be possible to destroy him, perhaps, but he will never be conquered.

"Not even to save the rare cargo of
Truth
Would be cast out a part to the
storm."

Goebelism might have succeeded in making Kentucky a despotism if it had not been for the Louisville Post. Nominated by the police force of the unspeakably corrupt city of Louisville, Goebel would have been elected governor and master of the State had Knott and his newspaper cravenly submitted to the infancy of the nomination. Not in the history of American journalism is recorded a greater achievement than that of the Louisville Post when it defeated William Goebel for governor of a commonwealth that has freedom for the prerogative of its citizens.

But that was not the only victory achieved by the Louisville Post. About that time Louisville was in the clutch of the most unscrupulous, the most reckless, the most depraved, the most vicious and the most odious gang even American municipal infamy can show. Elections were farces, graft and all kindred knavery stalked everywhere, gambling and robbery were open and notorious, violence and murder defied the law.

And then it was that Dick Knott entered into the battle for law and order, and, it is needless to say to those who knew the man, he never let up. They did not try to bribe him; they knew that could not be done, but they sought to intimidate him. A warrant was issued for his arrest on a charge of libel, I believe, and he was taken into custody. It was the scheme to hurry him to jail ere he could secure bondsmen, but it failed. A leading citizen of Louisville, now holding a high position on the judicial bench of Kentucky, related to me the scenes of that occasion. Never, he said, was the better element so enraged, and it was ready for violence, for it recognized in Knott its champion. But there was no outbreak and the storm passed over.

Not long thereafter Knott's fight for law and order triumphed. The gang was cleaned out. Decency took the place of outrage. The gambling hells were closed. Morality was given a chance. The police retired from politics. Louisville regained her self-respect and today, thanks to Dick Knott, is as well governed as any city in America. Had the Louisville Post been a weakling and a coward, had its editor been less virile, mentally and morally, Louisville would have sounded the very depths of degradation and misery.

Richard W. Knott is an accomplished as well as a strong man. His is a powerful mind and he studies all questions profoundly. Once he takes a stand he is immovable, and he is the least inconsistent of any public man I know. He and paradox are strangers.

He is an honor to our noble profession. No man wears our cloth more worthily. He believes something and his belief is that of a giant. His only concern it, "Is it right?"

And when Simon Bolivar Buchner died not a great while ago, Richard W. Knott took his place as the first citizen of Kentucky.—Savoyard.

ANCIENT STATE PAPER.

Oldest International Treaty Carved on Temple Wall.

On the walls of two of Egypt's greatest temples, that of Karnak and the Ramesseum at Thebes, carved in the everlasting stone of the dry land of the Nile, says the Christian Herald, is the oldest international treaty known to man. Rameses the Great, one of the signers, is the best known man of remote antiquity. Khetasar (the czar of the Kheta or Hittites,) the other party to the treaty, is unknown except to a few, and his nation is little known even to the scholars.

The Hittites were a mighty race whose empire, equal in rank with the mighty empire of Egypt and Babylonia, once extended over 400,000 square miles of territory in Asia Minor and Syria. Three years ago practically nothing was known of the life and civilization of these mysterious people.

They are mentioned in the Bible and in the Egyptian and Assyrian records, but until very recently their own story had never been read by modern man. Today, thanks to the excavations that were carried on at the capital city of Carchemish, much has been learned about this great group of tribes, and orderly evidence about them is now available for the first time in 2,000 years.

Two-Cent Movies for Poor.

A celebrated movie star is working on a plan to provide two-cent moving pictures—"so that the woman with a shawl over her head and the laborer earning $1.50 a day and feeding a family of six, will have some place of amusement to which they can afford to go."

It is a fact that the movie was originally the poor man's pastime, and that it has been partly removed from him as admission prices have been raised. "Nickelideons," numerous at first, are now few and far between. But while expenses of production have increased as admissions went up, it is still true that no amusement enterprise is operated at so little expense or so great profit. Two-cent admissions would doubtless cover the actual cost of producing and the operating expenses of the average film show now.

Two-cent theatres, showing cheaper, releases, or later releases of the high-class productions, would probably pay well if the theatres are properly located. The two-cent movie field is open not only to philanthropy, but to business.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Brand New.

The Rev. E. C. Hibsmann, pastor of the Cote Brilliante church, is telling this on a member of his congregation:

A good elder, hearing his young hopeful in a quarrel with a neighbor boy, went out to investigate in time to hear the following:

"You shut up! My mamma's baby is just as good as your old baby," said the neighbor boy.

"'Tain't neither," retorted the elder's youngster, whose parent's had recently purchased a new auto. "Your baby is an old last year's one, and ours is a 1916 model."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

His Ardor.

Miss Gladys Guggles (coyly)—Does yo' really love me, Clarence?

Clarence Snuckles (passionately)—Love yo'? Why, I analyzes yo' so dat I'd rudder heah yo' chew gum den to listen to a minstrel band! Dat's how I loves yo'!

A Future Problem.

"Of course your wife favors votes for women?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I suspect she'll find it hard to approve of any plan that allows some of the women she knows to vote just the same as she does."

THE OLD ALMANAC.

Was a Member of the Family Back in the Old Home.

An almanac was dropped upon the doorstep yesterday; the same old almanac. The only new thing about it at first glance, is the date, 1916, on the front cover. In all else it is the same almanac it was thirty or forty years ago, when you first became acquainted with it.

You greet the old almanac as you would a very dear friend. It was a member of the family back in the old home. It hung by one corner from a nail under the mantel, behind the cook stove. Grandfather consulted it for weather forecasts as religiously as he consulted the Bible for solace, and woe to the boy who took it from its nail and failed to replace it.

Possibly you had not seen one of those yellow-backed almanacs for many years, and yet there seems to have been no break in its issuance. "Sixty-fourth year of publication," it says on the cover. You turn its pages lovingly. The same old medicines; and even the pictures are the same. The same kind of testimonials of cure, list of eclipses, changes of the moon and monthly calendars, with jokes under them. In the old days, back home, those jokes were told and retold at every gathering throughout the year. Here's one of the 1916 vintage:

Dobbins—I hear that your daughter married a struggling young man.

Jobbins—Well, yes, he did struggle, but 'twas no use; he couldn't get away."

That would have been a prime joke in the old home neighborhood and its lustre would never have been dimmed by retelling. It would always bring a hearty laugh. It was one of the fine attributes of the old home folks that they never would injure a person's feelings by failing to laugh at his jokes. People were more considerate then than they are now.

Although the old almanac is not regarded as such a reliable old friend as it used to be, it still is welcomed as it was so many years ago, more for the sake of old memories than for its usefulness now.—Kansas City Times.

An Immigrant Sculptor.

Benjamino Bufano recently received a prize of $500 from the Immigrants in America Review for a sculpture group in a contest in which 500 artists were entered. Bufano, one of fifteen children, came to this country at the age of six. From his childhood he has been in New York studios, first as a boy of all work and later as a sculptor's assistant. During all of this time he studied at the night classes of the Art Student's league. Now, at the age of twenty, he has become skilled enough to win a prize coveted by artists maturer in years and with greater advantages. Bufano does not appear disposed to give the factor of environment any credit for his success. America, to him, is no "land of opportunity," or "glorious freedom." It was the idea of the donors of the prize that the winning piece of sculpture should express "the meaning of America to the immigrant and of the immigrant to America," depicting the fusion of the races. But Bufano's group expresses nothing of the kind. Rather, it interprets America as a land of exploitation and oppression. Thirty or more figures are shown, of oppressed, miserable people who seek opportunity in the land of freedom and find there only oppression. At the base of the group are the words, "I came unto my own and my own received me not."

"The intention of this government may have been good," the Outlook quotes him, "but time has revealed its destination a corrupt one. It is for us to place her (America) where all her people shall have a right to enjoy her luxuries."—Indianapolis News.

Made Grandpa Take Notice.

It is often literally true that "the weak things of the world" are able to "confound the things which are mighty." Not long ago a member of parliament was caught napping by his little granddaughter, who is the delight of her parents and the idol of grandfather. She came before him, her face wreathed in smiles, and said:

"Grandpa, I saw something running across the kitchen floor this morning without any legs. What do you think it was?"

He studied for a while, but finally was obliged to give it up. "What was it?" he asked.

"Water," answered the little lady triumphantly.

The Easiest Way.

"No man is willing to admit that he can't quit drinking if he wants to."

"That's where prohibition is so strong," replied Bill Bottletop. "A lot of us vote for it rather than to let on that we're afraid of it."